

experienced a reverse of fortune were now doomed to inevitable destruction.

Both these once happy brothers became captivated by the charms of the same lady, and Carlos, finding his brother too successful a rival, insisted that he should either instantly resign the lady to him or measure swords; in vain Antonio declared himself incapable of quitting the dear object of his affections, and there appeared something so horrible in his brother's last proposal, that the bare reflection of it was almost insupportable. Carlos now only considered his brother as his rival, the sight of him was odious, and he was now as anxious to deprive him of his life, as he had ever been to preserve it. His repeated insults at last compelled Antonio to accept his challenge. They met, unattended in a grove contiguous to their father's garden, each drew his sword, and Antonio, having received a mortal wound, fell in the arms of his brother, breathed out a short forgiveness, embraced him, and expired.

Carlos, now too late, became convinced of his error; a train of ideas succeeded each other in his mind, too horrible for words to express, or a tranquil mind to conceive. Remorse planted a thousand daggers in his heart; he reflected with admiration on the virtues of his brother, and life, without him, was now insupportable; he dreaded the reproaches

reproaches of the world, and in those reflections was tempted to commit a crime (if possible) greater than that which his soul was already charged with; he seized the weapon yet warm in the blood of his brother, and plunged it in his own guilty heart.

At that instant Don Manuel entered the grove; the fineness of the morning had invited him to quit his apartment much earlier than usual: he arose, perhaps, in his imagination, the most happy of fathers, and entered his garden with a satisfaction which is ever the companion of the virtuous: He sought the inmost recesses of the grove, but knew not that those abodes of peace and pleasure contained a spectacle too horrid for his infirmities to sustain; for who can express the emotions of his heart, when he beheld his beloved Carlos weeping over the body of his brother! Here let me appeal to the feelings of my reader, nor attempt to describe an interview which may be felt, but cannot be expressed. Let it suffice that Carlos lived to unfold the fatal story of their woes to his father, and then closed his eyes for ever.

Grief for a while denied the wretched father utterance; when his strength and spirit were sufficiently returned, as he wept over the pale remains of his sons, he made this appeal to heaven in their behalf. "O thou